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Brooklyn - Sept. 17  
Thursday Morning 1835.

Brother George:

Jail or no jail, we are expecting to see you in Brooklyn tomorrow noon, or on Saturday at furthest. Will you please to leave directions with my friend William M. Chace, respecting the packages that I may send to him for Boston, or that Henry may send to Providence for Brooklyn? I shall expect a bundle on your arrival here. So far, nothing has been lost, of all the letters and papers that have been forwarded to me.

I suppose you have heard of the presentation of a stout gallows to me, at 23, Brighton-Street, Boston, by order of Judge Lynch. It was destroyed by the city authorities. I regret that it was not preserved for our Anti-Slavery Museum. Thompson has presented a brickbat to it, but this would have been a more substantial curiosity.



The slave States continue to be excessively agitated. They appear to have organized Vigilance Committees and Lynch Clubs in various places. The most daring propositions are made in the open face of heaven for the abduction of Arthur Tappan, George Thompson and myself. Public and private appropriations of money, to a large amount, are made for our seizure. Our preservation is remarkable. I presume that our principles cities will be visited by assassins, legalized by the "State Rights" Government to destroy us. It matters not. To the obedient, death is no calamity. If we perish, our loss will but hasten the destruction of slavery more certainly. My mind is full of peace - I know what it is to rejoice in tribulation.

The two rival political parties, Whigs and Jacksonians or Van Buren men, are striving to see who will show the most hatred towards us, and do us the most injury, in order to win southern votes. They are all fervent and unprincipled, caring not for God - truth - honesty - or justice.



You will be delighted to see your little darling babe. She is certainly the most attractive infant I have ever seen. I love her almost as much as if she was my own.

Should you see the colored girl who is to live with us, you may tell her that we shall be in Providence next week.

Hoping that you will come to-morrow, I forbear writing more — and remain, under all circumstances,

Your much attached brother,

W. L. G.

William, I wish you would inquire of the Boston, and Brooklyn drivers, at Brastons on Sunday next for bundles, and forward them to their destination if any there be

Yours George



Mr. George W. Benson,  
Providence.

(Care of Mr. Carter.)

